

*Hot.* That Roane shal be my throne. Well, I will backe him straight. *Esperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth into the parkes.

*La.* But heare you my Lord.

*Hot.* What saiest thou my Lady?

*La.* What is it carries you away?

*Hot.* Why, my horse (my loue) my horse.

*La.* Out you mad-headed ape, a weazel hath not such a deale of spleene, as you are toft with. In faith Ile know your busines *Harry*, that I will: I feare, my brother *Mortimer* doth stir about his title, & hath sent for you to line his enterprife, but if you go

*Hot.* So far a foote, I shall be weary, loue.

*La.* Come, come, you Paraquito, answer me directly, vnto this question that I shal aske: in faith Ile break thy little finger *Harry*, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

*Hot.* Away, away you trifter, loue; I loue thee not. I care not for thee *Kate*, this is no world To play with marmets; and to tile with lips; We must haue bloudie noses, and crackt crownes; And passe them currant too: gods me my horses

*La.* Do you not loue me? do you not indeede?

Wel, do not then? for since you loue me not, I will not loue my selfe. Do you not loue me?

Nay, tel me, if you speake in iest, or no?

*Hot.* Come wilt thou see meride? And when I am a horse backe, I will sweare, I loue thee infinitely. But harkelyou *Kate*, I must not haue you henceforth; question me:

Whither I go: nor reason where about.

Whither I must, I must: and to conclude,

This euening must I leane you Gentle *Kate*.

I know you wise, but yet no farther wise.

Then *Harry* *Percys* wife, I constant you are,

But yet a woman, and for secrecy,

No Lady closer, for I will beleeue,

Thou wilt not vtter what thou dost not know:

And so farewill I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

*La.* How, so far?

*Hot.*

*Hot.* Not an inch further: Whither I goe, thither shall To day will I set forth, to m Will this content you *Kate*?

*Lady.* It must of force.

*Enter Prince*

*Prince.* Ned, prethee come mee thy hand to laugh a little

*Poines.* Where halt been?

*Prin.* With three or foure foure score Hogs-heads. I ha Humilitie. Sirra, I am sworne can call them all by their Ch

*Francis:* they take it already v be but *Prince of Wales*, yet I am flatly, I am not proud *Iack*, lik

of mettall, a good Boy, (by th I am King of England, I shall Eastcheape. They call drinking you breath in your watring,

off. To conclude, I am so goo houre, that I can drinke with during my life. I tell thee *Ned* thou wert not with me in this

ten which name of *Ned*, I gi clapt euen now into my hand neuer spake other English in

pence; and, *You are welcome*, wi fir; skore a Pint of Bastard in th driue away time till *Falstaffe*

some by roome, while I quee end he gaue me the Sugar, and that his tale to me may be no and Ile shew thee a present.

*Poines.* *Francis.*

*Prince.* Thou art perfect.

*Poines.* *Francis.*

*Frā.* Anon, anon sir; looke